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ANONYMA  
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OR

THE VEILED BRIDE.

*By the Author of "Endymion," "Juana Desdichada," &c.*

BRIGHTON:

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1835.

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.A7E6

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AROUN HASSAN, King of his own.

ABDALLAH, Grand Vizier.

KHOSROUSCHAH, Privy Purse and Caterer.

ZOBEIDE, Mother to the King, once a Queen.

ANONYMA, The Bride.

BADOURA, Lady of the Bedchamber.

Ladies and Chorus, &c.

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1, Queen Adelaide Crescent,  
Brighton, Feb. 20, 1835.

MY DEAR LODGE,

Indebted to your goodnature—as well as to your talents—for the introduction of “Anonyma” to my friends, you must not refuse me the gratification of dedicating this little trifle to you.

And believe me,

Ever most sincerely yours,

THE AUTHOR.

To

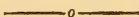
John Lodge, Esq.





# ANONYMA

OR THE VEILED BRIDE.



## SCENE I.

*Air—Grand Chorus—"Little Bo Peep.."*

HASSAN.            My jolly old Dad is fast asleep,  
                                And nobody more shall wake him—  
So leave him alone to his slumbers deep,  
                                From his tomb let no one take him.  
Chorus,—His jolly, &c.

---

ZOBEIDE. My bachelor Son—you've got no wife,  
So you know not your people's sorrow—  
But we shall cut short your single life,  
And give you a Bride to-morrow.  
Chorus,—Thy bachelor, &c.

ABDALLAH. Our bachelor King, I fear, is a rake—

[*To the Council.*

You think not enough of the state, Sir :

[*To the King.*

Let's give him a Queen—she is sure to make

[To the Council.

For your follies a fair check mate, Sir.

[*To the King.*

Chorus,—Our bachelor, &c.

ABDALLAH. Your Majesty is welcome to the throne,  
That by your Daddy's death becomes your own ;  
And I (as your Majesty's adviser,  
Until you can find another wiser)  
Humbly suggest, unto your royal ear,  
We want a Queen—you must marry—that's clear.

HASSAN.      Zounds ! don't bother me with matrimony—  
I dread that fatal moon, y'clept the "honey ;"  
And beg you will not mention it again,  
Till all my other moons are on the wane.

SONG.

*Air*—"Oh no we never mention her."

HASSAN.        I wish you would not mention it,  
                         The thing is such a bore ;  
Your lips I now forbid to speak  
                         Upon the subject more.  
From sport to care you'd hurry me  
                         Without the least regret ;  
But if again you worry me,  
                         You'll see if I forget.

If, as you say, she's happy now,  
 Why don't she keep away?  
 You'd have me think she loves me too;  
 I heed not what you say.  
 Like me, perhaps, she struggles with  
 Her minister of state;  
 But if she loves—as I have loved,  
 How cordially we hate.

ABDALLAH. 'Tis well; 'tis mighty well, oh! King, to joke;  
 But here—you shall buy no pig in a poke!

HASSAN. Tush—pig—poke—and joke—are equally a bore.

ABDALLAH. Nay, patience, Sire!

HASSAN. Slave, pester me no more!

ABDALLAH. Sire, I much regret your botheration,  
 But marry—for the good of the nation.

HASSAN. Not I, Inshallah! I'll not be tied up  
 To an unknown thing whose charms are cried up,  
 Until the game is snar'd—the bargain sold—  
 And both deceived—aye! thus the tale is told.

ABDALLAH. Come, let the limner's magic art decide.  
 Behold the beauteous portrait of your bride!

#### RECITATIVE.

ABDALLAH.—The master-hand of Lawrence doth declare  
 The form—the beauty—perfect of the fair.  
 See! here's a brow—born—bred to wear a crown:  
 Look once; your Majesty will no more frown.

*Air—"Portrait charmant."*

Portrait divine—portrait of a fair maid ;  
 A pledge of love—by love alone obtain'd ;  
 Ah ! soon, my King, you'll bless the very day  
 When this fair maid your vacant heart hath gain'd.

Portrait divine ! thy colours never fade ;  
 And when old Time shall rob her of her youth,  
 Ah ! still, my King, this portrait it shall be  
 Dear to thine eye—a pledge of early truth.

Portrait divine ! thy many-colour'd tints  
 Less varied are than those upon her cheek.  
 Ah ! look, my King : this portrait seems, to me,  
 So like the maid, I almost hear it speak.

HASSAN. Pshaw !—in truth the picture's fair enough ;  
 But of the rhino—has she quantum suff. ?  
 Our royal coffers now-a-days are low ;  
 And voting for supplies—you know—  
 The devil to pay ;, often—no pitch hot.  
 So, if she has not cash,—I'd rather not.  
 Ah ! now old Moses is not to be bit  
 By a post-obit's heirs own post-obit !

ABDALLAH. Hear us, your Majesty, we humbly pray.

HASSAN. Silence ! all : I think you all have said your say.

#### RECITATIVE.

HASSAN. Allah ! protect me from old Abdallah—  
 Or I will strangle him outright ! Inshallah !  
 For who'd be a King—nay, more, a Caliph—  
 With a Vizier dodging like a bailiff ?

*Air—"Merrily danced the Quaker's wife."*

I never thought  
Thus to be brought  
Unto the nuptial altar ;  
I'd rather she  
Had buried me,  
When I'd been hang'd with a halter.  
'Tis a cruel case—  
How my young face  
Is wrinkling prematurely !  
For all my fun  
Will be undone,  
By tying me up securely.

ABDALLAH. Oh ! never mind,  
You're much too kind—  
A lady's love to flout, sir !  
And many die  
'Neath beauty's eye—  
That never had lived without, sir !  
However deep  
Your grief—don't weep !  
She'll prove a Queen to please you—  
And, if she don't—  
Why, then she won't—  
But, to please herself, will tease you !

HASSAN. Oh, do not plague me more—go all—to dress—  
Grieve as we may—men will not dine the less.

*[Exeunt all but Abdallah, to whom*

*Hassan beckons.*

And out of wine comes truth—a virtue now  
That rarely decks a diplomatic brow.

ABDALLAH. Sire ?

HASSAN. Oh ! excepting present company—  
You must allow there are not many.

## SONG.

*Air—(Original.)*

HASSAN. Ah ! me ; they wish, if right I heard 'em,  
To wring compliance out of me.  
The devil is amongst them truly,  
Or else e'en now they'd not agree.  
Why am I thus their cats-paw made ?  
What right have they to marry me ?  
Why tack this wed-lock to my fetters—  
Of which these rascals keep the key ?

HASSAN. Oh ! why should they purveyors be of brides ?  
Knives—dolts—beware ! all questions have two sides.

ABDALLAH. We that are given to cogitation  
Deep and abstruse—

HASSAN. Spare all agitation—  
Aye ! drop it, like a hot potato ;  
But, O'Connellize the agitator—  
*[Abdallah strikes a gong.]*  
Bid the chief Eunuch hasten to the gate !  
And, in full fig, make my officers wait  
The coming of this Royal Maid to day.  
Khosrouschah, *minister of mouth*, must say  
We welcome her arrival—(not that I,  
E'en if she never came at all, should die)  
In veritable old cognac brandy—  
(A luxury forbidden by the bye)—  
Be sure he asks her what she takes to drink ;  
And—that's my message ; cordial as I think,



Supposing she started as fat as you say,  
 I'm ready to bet she grew thin by the way ;  
 So, why let her Majesty bother you so ?  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh.

*Duo.*

HASSAN. Hang it, Abdallah, why bother me so !  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh.  
 ABDALLAH. Oh, Aroun Hassan, why bother ye so !  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh.  
 H. My cheeks are yellow, my eyes they are red ;  
 A. If all be true of the lady that's said—  
 H. You vex me until I wish I were dead.  
 A. She'll vex you still more when you are once wed.  
 H. Oh, why should a Vizier bother me so !  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh.  
 A. Oh, I'd not let her Majesty bother me so !  
 Oh, oh, oh, oh.

But see ! your council, in their rich array,  
 Approach—Look up ! and chase your cares away.

HASSAN. What shall I do to keep the rascals still ?  
 Do what I like ?—or promise what they will ?  
 Oh, bitter pill ! for I shall wear the smile  
 Of one who physic takes—who, to beguile  
 The yearning of his inward man, gaunt mirth  
 Assumes. Poor wretch ! 'tis stifled in the birth.

ABDALLAH. My mind misgives me—I could not be blind,  
 (*aside.*) Deaf, or stupid ; yet, still I call to mind  
 Many a fear, that warns me of some fact,  
 Unforeseen—unknown—that even my tact,  
 My caution, hath not routed out. Terror—  
 A vague, dark fear tells me that an error



Has been committed somewhere. Yet, could men  
Dare impose on us?—such things, now and then,  
Do happen : but with us ? that's the question ;  
And wedding the subject. Yet, none mention  
The lady's colour ! But, the picture ! Fool—  
I am indeed a fool ; and should be sent to school.

KHOSROUSCHAH. Rather stay here, seated on repenting stool.

ABDALLAH. Silence !—Khosrouschah, whether didst thou go ?  
And to whom ?

KHOSROUSCHAH. Why ! straight to Morocco—  
As they told me—I could not well go wrong,  
The way was clear, but (like your stories) long.

ABDALLAH. Peace, fool ! dolt, idiot !!

KHOSROUSCHAH. How we apples swim !  
Not that I am so great a fool as him ;  
For there he stands, a proof to all—that none  
Are wise at all times, not even number one.  
Abdallah, Vizier ! Minister of State !!  
Unturban'd, with a fool's cap on his head.

ABDALLAH. Sirrah ! provoke me not—tell me of the Queen !  
You only just have left her. Have you seen  
Her face ?

KHOSROUSCHAH. Bless you, no ; but I can guess—you know—

ABDALLAH. What ?

KHOSROUSCHAH. Why, that she's just come from Morocco.  
Didn't I go and fetch her ?

ABDALLAH.

Confusion !

Is she then black ? or is't delusion ?  
 False picture ! false woman ! whose dog am I  
 To eat such dirt ? Why little Crachami  
 Had made a fitter Queen. Are women there  
 Dark as the men ?

KHOSROUSCHAH.

Why no, they're pretty fair—

As niggurs go.

ABDALLAH.

What, black ?

KHOSROUSCHAH.

Oh yes, very—

Warren's jet—Hunt's matchless—but they are merry,  
 Fat, good-natured souls, with flat snub noses,  
 But not the fools your Highness supposes.

## SONG.

*Air—“ A frog he would a wooing go.”*

KHOSROUSCHAH. Our King he must a wooing go,

Heigho, said Hassan,

Whether the Lady would suit him or no,

With her heigho, sigho,

Gammon and nonsense,

Hah, hah ! said old Abdallah.

To the Emperor of Great Morocco,

Heigho, said Hassan,

They sent and just axed whether or no,

With a heigho, sigho, &amp;c.

If he had a daughter, whether or no,

Heigho, said Hassan,

That to make a Queen was likely to do,

With her heigho, sigho, &amp;c.

The King of Morocco answered yes,  
Heigho, said Hassan,  
But of what colour has left us to guess,  
With our heigho, sigho, &c.  
The Empress, I hear, was born at Congo,  
Heigho, said Hassan,  
Where the fair sex are as black—as you know,  
With a heigho, sigho, &c.

ABDALLAH. Slave! do you trifle with me? beware! a fearash  
Soon would make you change your tone.

KHOSROUSCHAH. I'm not so rash. *(aside.)*

HASSAN.      What's all the row ? what ! can't I mourn in peace ?  
Must I, because my royal cares increase,  
Be subject to my subjects' idle chatter ?  
How dare you raise this most audacious clatter ?

KHOSROUSCHAH. Poor man—he's bored.

ABDALLAH. Hush! hush! he hears—

KHOSROUSCHAH. I'm dumb,  
Although I think his sorrow but a hum. (*aside.*)

## SONG.

*Air—“ Depuis long-temps j'aimais Adele.”*

HASSAN. It is long since I have had my way;  
Abdallah leads me by the nose;  
And you all so flout me through the day,  
I can't get a moment's repose.  
But I'll brave all your impertinence,  
I'll soon convince ye I am free.  
I'll kick all my slaves from my presence,  
Or else what will become of me.

When thou speakest of this Ladye,  
 My head whirls round, my heart stands still ;  
 And yet you wish me to declare  
 What is—or do—what an't my will !  
 But I scorn thy impertinence,  
 I'll have no more to do with thee,  
 And will—confound thy impudence—  
 Surely convince thee I am free.

*Recitative of Councillors.*

The King's wrath turns our faces upside down,  
 Our livers become water at his frown.  
 But we think the King should do—Inshallah !  
 What he ought—so speak up, old Abdallah !

*Air—" Life let us eherish."*

ABDALLAH. I do not want to persuade you  
 To do what you do not chuse,  
 But if you will take my advice,  
 The Lady you'll not refuse.  
 Her Sire, you know, might be inclined  
 Perhaps, to look a little black ;  
 If you, without apology,  
 Should send the Lady back.  
 But do not let me, &c.

[*Counsellors form procession and march round the King, then range  
 up on either side and sing.—*]

AIR AND CHORUS.

*Air—" Begone dull Care."*

ABDALLAH. Look up, O King, I prithee look up and see ;  
 Look up, O King, see what we have found for thee.  
 Too long hast thou been tarrying here,  
 When by rights thou should'st be wed ;  
 But i' faith, great King,  
 The articles must be read.

CHORUS—Look up, &c.

Care killed a cat—having nothing to do with care ;  
The heart's love's throne—care has no business there.  
Thy wife should dance, and thou should'st sing,  
Upon this thy wedding day.  
Love were a silly thing,  
Did he slumber his time away.

CHORUS—Look up, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## ACT II.

## MARCH.

*Enter* ANONYMA *and* ATTENDANTS.

## CHORUS.

*Air*—"Scots wha' hae."

Maid that would wi' Hassan wed,  
Maid whom he had hither led,  
Welcome to thy Royal head,  
Thy crown and victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour !  
If the front of Hassan lour,  
To resist—defy his power !  
Make him submit or flee.

Wha' ? for Hassan's threats or law !  
Or his anger, cares a straw ?  
Wedded stand, or wedded fa'—  
Abyssinian—on wi' ye !

Bend the proud Abdallah low ;  
A Tyrant he, as all do know :  
Liberty is in thy blow !  
Anonyma—be free !

ANONYMA. Ha! hah!—he dared—ventured to command!  
 Abdallah!—dog! Oh, what am I in this land?  
 I'll be revenged! It seems—the portrait—lost  
 Months ago—Khosrouschah stole. To his cost,  
 The King shall rue it. Now, maidens, listen:—  
 I have been told his royal eyes glisten  
 When he looks upon the stolen picture;  
 And that's even when the wayward creature  
 Rails at the sex! defies the world! He still  
 Loves, loves a painting! Let him have his will.  
 Remember, I am black—say, very dark;  
 And leave it to the world to finish. Hark!

[*Making a sign of secrecy, and speaking aside.*  
 Here's the Queen mother. She must be deceived;

[*Enter ZOBEIDE with ABDALLAH, cautiously.*  
 Yet, bear in mind, that to be well received,  
 The secret must be softened down—betrayed,  
 No show of confidence—'twere best delayed  
 If sought, or just by accident declared.  
 Badoura—let my chamber be prepared.  
 Forget not, all of ye, in Morocco,  
 Brides unveil not till woo'd and won, you know.  
 And since they choose to change my nation,  
 It will aid in giving them vexation.

(*Aside.*) Remember now. (*Aloud.*) I dread to meet the King,  
 Lest he should repent, nor give to me the ring  
 That makes of me—poor me—a royal Queen;  
 As real, if not the fairest ever seen.  
 Support me, ladies: I am going to faint.

ALL THE LADIES. Water for the Queen.

ANONYMA.

No: 'twould spoil my paint!

ZOBEIDE. Did my ears deceive?

ANONYMA.

No fool framed the law

ZOBEIDE.

Paint ?—black ?

ABDALLAH.

She said black, I'm almost sure.

ANONYMA.

But for this box, the world at large had known

ZOBEIDE.

Heard you that?

ABDALLAH.

Surely, the eye is not a sham ?

ZOREIDE.

Why not?—the creature's every bit a flam.

ANONYMA.

But as we're here alone, I'll sing the song

ABDALLAH.

Allah ! she dare not ! don't pretend to sing ?

ZOBEIDE.

Why not? she's impudence for any thing.

ABDALLAH.

It's a clear case—my face is upside down!

ZOBEIDE.

I say—Hush.

ABDALLAH.

Madam, I respect your frown ;

And keep the lock of my experience

On the lips of discretion and good sense.



## RECITATIVE.

Oh! Idol of my mimic beauty's shrine—  
 Confidant of age—comforter divine ;—  
 Aid me, oh, aid me now, in this my pain ;  
 That wit may win what beauty cannot gain :  
 Reflection ever proves a woman's friend—  
 A friend in need, and faithful to the end.

*Air—"Believe me if all."*

Believe me, if all the endearing young charms  
 Which I put on my features to-day,  
 Were to fade ere the morrow, 'twould rouse his  
 From his fairy dream breaking away. [alarms,

I should then be found out, unassisted by art,  
 If my loveliness fail—as it will ;  
 And, around the dear ruin, would the wish of his  
 Be to turn itself verdantly still ? [heart

I own it that beauty nor youth are mine own,  
 That my cheek would be spoiled by a tear ;  
 But the colour and truth of my hair can't be known :  
 It was purchased of nobody here.

Oh, the maid that paints truly should never forget  
 That she dryly blush on to the close ;  
 And, for fear, let her turn to her glass, at sunset,  
 The same look which she gave when she rose.

[*Exeunt Queen and train by a small door.*

AEDALLAH. So—now the murder's out—the lady fair—  
 The Queen's a blackamoor.

ZOBEBIDE.

Well, I declare  
I thought so—the creature was so shy of me.  
I'm in a fury, I vow—body o' me!!

ABDALLAH.

What's to be done? how break it to the King?  
Look where he comes, on expectation's wing,  
Another Icarus!—so near the sun  
Of all his hopes—'twill melt 'em. We're undone!  
Done brown—and by a nigger!

ZOBEBIDE.

Oh dear—dear—  
'Tis my turn to faint; but have no one near.  
Abdallah! meet—stop him. Let me conceal  
My royal person; and chance must reveal  
The horrid secret to the King; for now  
Returns the Queen. Would he could see her brow!

*[Zobeide tries the same door, but is too fat to pass.]*

HASSAN.

What, my royal mother! that is no door  
For one so truly great to pass; nay, more—  
I cannot spare you. Oh, if my young wife—

ZOBEBIDE.

If? indeed!

HASSAN.

Mother, what mean you? Odds life!  
Upon your brow sits tragedy unmasked.

ZOBEBIDE.

Perhaps I might unmask one—were I asked.

HASSAN.

Allah! what means this fearful mystery?

ZOBEBIDE.

Treachery, more black than all history  
Summed up could muster. But see—the Queen.

*[Enter Queen and train.]*

HASSAN. Treachery—black—what can the woman mean?

SONG.

*Air—"Garde à vous."*

ZOBEIDE. Garde à vous—garde à vous—  
 My son, what are you doing?  
 A precious squall is brewing.  
 Mind what I say to you :—  
 Garde à vous—garde à vous.  
 Would you wed a blackamoor?  
 That she is I'm nearly sure.  
 Look sharp—unless you do,  
 You are done. Garde à vous—  
 Garde à vous—garde à vous.

HASSAN. Garde à vous—garde à vous—  
 Ministers, by lies telling,  
 A helpless King you're selling.  
 But who's to pay—I ask, who?  
 Garde à vous—garde à vous.  
 Alas! alas! that beauty  
 Should frown when love's a duty:  
 Try it—you'll find it true.  
 When you do—garde à vous—  
 Garde à vous—garde à vous.

ZOBEIDE. Hassan, beware—again I say, beware!  
 The portrait, Hassan, with the Queen compare;  
 But woo her not till then.

HASSAN. Zounds! are you mad?  
 At a time like this, it's really too bad.  
 First—you, slave, send to old black Morocco,  
 Me, for my people's good, to marry, so—

Inshallah!—did I mean. Then cry you out,  
Woo her not: sending to the right about  
Legions of rosy loves her image here  
Awakens in my heart: (worthless, I fear,  
For one so fair.)

ZOBEIDE.                      Why, Hassan, she is black !

HASSAN.      Black ! Oh, mother, you're mad ; or I lack  
The sense of hearing :—'tis too provoking.  
She's drunk— and I'm in no mood for joking.

ANONYMA. How well the scandal works. Gracious! the King.

HASSAN. Oh, no—it cannot be. I'd be the ring—  
The ring itself, that weds her—to be near  
At all times. Anonyma!—does she hear?  
Anonyma!

ANONYMA.                      That's me, your Majesty.

HASSAN.      Grace is in your steps—heaven in your eye :  
Your voice—by Allah!—music. Don't you sing?  
Deliciously, I'll swear. Love, unveil.

BADOURA. 'Tis against our laws—and the Queen grows pale.

ZOBEIDE. We shall have her blushing next.

HASSAN. Will you dance?

ANONYMA. No—that is—yes, my last new step from France.

ZOBEIDE. Bless us! hear her airs and graces. I'll be bound,  
That in the dance, she scorns the very ground.

HASSAN. What music?

ANONYMA. Anything. Why, heaven save us !  
It is Auber's dear galop in Gustavus.

## CONCERTED PIECE.

*Air—" Invitation to the Ball."—(Gustavus.)*

HASSAN. Fair Queen, to you I bring—

ZOBEIDE. Fair Queen ! she's black, vile thing !

HASSAN. A heart that, for its master, owns a King !

ZOBEIDE. Oh, do not let her masquerade it here all night.

ABDALLAH. Pray do not thus—oh, your Majesty, invite—

HASSAN. Come, let us trip to measures light.

ZOBEIDE. To the charms you know by reputation  
Do not trust—

ABDALLAH. Or at least obtain a sight !

HASSAN. Bother'd by you I'm sure to be !

ABDALLAH. Warn'd by me you're sure to be !

BADOURA. Oh ! happy night !

KHOSROUSCHAH. Enchanting sight !  
What suppers gay !

BADOURA. What jewels bright !

ZOBEIDE. It's all my eye !

KHOSROUSCHAH. }  
BADOURA. } I prithee, why ?

ZOBEIDE. Shame on you thus to delight—  
To join the waltzer's giddy round.

ABDALLAH. Or in that galopade to bound !

ZOBEIDE. Like monkeys craz'd !

ANONYMA. I am amaz'd !!  
To my face !

ZOBEIDE. Let your veil be rais'd.

ANONYMA. Your impudent command shall not be obey'd!

BADOURA. Who ask'd you for advice—Impertinent—or aid?

*[Anonyma accidentally—(on purpose)—drops her veil, covers her face (or mask) with her hands: Badoura throws her own over her; the dancers suddenly stop—music becomes discordant—confusion—and subsequent silence.]*

HASSAN. Abdallah!!! Did you see her? Why, her face  
Is true born nigger!

ABDALLAH. Allah! give me grace.

*Air—"Alice Gray."*

HASSAN. She's not what Lawrence painted her,  
She's black as any sloe;  
And as far as I'm concerned,  
I tell you 'tis no go.

Yet loved I as man never loved,  
A painted piece of rag;  
And my heart—my heart is breaking  
At the sight of yon black hag.

Her dark false hair is braided o'er  
A brow half painted white;  
And her eye may languish, and be ——,  
She is a perfect fright.

Her hair was to bamboozle me—  
That was not to be won;  
But my heart—my heart is breaking  
To think how I've been done.

ABDALLAH. Khosrouschah, what's all this?

KHOSROUSCHAH. Allah knows—not I;  
But this I do know—if I don't eat, I die.

ABDALLAH. Glutton that thou art !

KHOSROUSCHAH. Well, call me glutton :  
Grief is best sustained by beef or mutton.  
Starving, Abdallah—may be mighty fine—  
But you won't live to grieve—unless you dine.

### SONG AND CHORUS.

*Air—"Isabel."*

BADOURA. Say, madam—say, that though disunited,  
Thou can'st no more be free ;  
But where its first vows of love are blighted,  
Thy broken heart will be ;  
For he gazed not on thy smiles delighted,  
But turned away from thee.  
You must tell—you must tell—you must tell  
One white lie to add to his sorrow :  
Say farewell—say farewell—say farewell ;  
We shall all go away to-morrow.

CHORUS.

ANONYMA. Dark is my doom. If from you I sever,  
I die—unlov'd and lone :  
I wish not to link your heart for ever ;  
It beats not for mine own :  
But go ; elsewhere seek love, yet never  
Blacken my name when gone.  
You must tell—you must tell—you must tell  
No falsehood to add to my sorrow :  
Fare thee well—fare thee well—fare thee well—  
I certainly leave you to-morrow.

CHORUS.



ANONYMA. But if at length, in happier hours,  
 Some fair maid you find;  
 In thought of me cull spring's sweetest flowers,  
 And bid him bear in mind—  
 When he smiles on her in these lovely bowers,  
 She'll never love like me.  
 You must tell—you must tell—you must tell  
 No falsehood to add to my sorrow:  
 Fare thee well—fare thee well—fare thee well—  
 I certainly leave you to morrow.

CHORUS.

[*A pause—King alone—Queen and train, &c. in groups.*]

CHORUS.

*Air—"C'est l'Amour."*

Oh! a Moor—a Moor—a Moor—  
 Has made our heads turn round!  
 She plagues alike both King and Slave—  
 And Queen was nearly crown'd.  
 She'll worry yet both high and low,  
 The big-wigs and the small;  
 And dares to think she'll move our hearts  
 By that infernal squall.

Oh! &c.

(*A pause.*)

KHOSROUSCHAH. Oh dear, there never was such times, I think;  
 Up night and day, and sleep never a wink;  
 Then, by that chap indeed! forbid to speak.  
 Oh Cullender! thou prince of bubble and squeak!  
 Where is the dinner? My palate you provoke  
 With savoury steams and divers kind of smoke.  
 Give me old times—the olden time for me,  
 Old times of feasting, jollity, and glee;  
 Breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper too,  
 And then, perhaps, an extra cup or two.



*Air—"Legacy," &c.*

When to-night I shall calm recline,  
 They shall bring to me my supper here ;  
 Bid them remember how late we dine—  
 And luncheon is over, I fear.  
 The King, poor man ! overwhelmed with sorrow,  
 Is piping his eye and cursing his fate :  
 Let him balmy drops of the red grape borrow,  
 They'll drive all blue devils out of his pate.

ABDALLAH.—Silence ! beef-eater, lover of kabobs :  
 Oh ! that a grief like this, should be by snobs—  
 Like that—disturbed.

KHOSROUSCHAH.                      Snob me no snobs ! I am  
 A gentleman : who says I a'nt, tells a — flam.  
 So now I leave you, doubtless to your sorrow ;  
 For, without me, no dinner till to-morrow.

[*Abdallah & Counsellors offer to console Hassan, who repulses them.*]

# SONG.

*Air—"Ce que je desire."*

HASSAN.                      All that I wish—all that I ask  
                                     Of all of you ;  
 Is to be still—no easy task  
                                     With all of you.  
  
 A moment's rest I stole just now,  
                                     When rid of you ;  
 But here you come to make a row—  
                                     Be hang'd to you !

HASSAN. Oh, cruel love ! Oh, hapless fatal day !  
Life's charm is o'er—for ever passed away.  
Anonyma, behold the wreck you've made  
Of all my hopes !—thus is my love repaid.  
They sought you, when I knew you not ; received  
A picture, which I thought was thine—

ZOBEIDE. Deceived,  
Grossly deceived, my son : that black was white  
They wanted to make out, with all their might.

DUO—(HASSAN & ANONYMA.)

*Air—"Troubadour du Tage."*

Oh, it ne'er yet ran smooth,  
The mighty stream of Love;  
Beneath the sea, or on earth,  
Nor e'en in Heaven above.

And I marvel not that { he,  
Floating on its troubled wave,  
Should not *quite exactly* suit,  
Or know not how to behave.

HASSAN. Was this fair, Anonyma?

ANONYMA.                                Yes, O King!  
Thou that could'st love a picture—nothing—  
Art not now content to wed a painting.  
More might I say ; but as your mother's fainting,  
I too should turn, I think, a little pale :  
Shall your Anonyma again unveil ?

HASSAN. No thank you ; to have seen Thee once, will do—  
 His done—for me : spare me a second view !

ANONYMA. Second sight, they say, is early warning.

HASSAN. I have none, nor wish. Was ever a man born in  
Such vexation ! But, what ?—your hands are white !  
What are your features ?

BADOURA. Blushing with delight !

HASSAN. How's this ?

ANONYMA. Why, simply, that Khosrouschah there  
Found in Abyssinia his bill of fare,  
And proposed for me—

HASSAN. Not Morocco ?  
Slave ! how's this ?

ANONYMA. Nay, you'll pardon him, I know,  
That in his cups he told his embassy :  
And then, Sire, my old Father,—do you see,—  
Knowing that Morocco had no daughter,  
Sent me with his duty.

KHOSROUSCHAH. So I brought her.

ANONYMA. For he was once a Renegado bold,  
And did some daring actions, I am told,—  
As men, for money, will do. But, forsooth,  
Nought of this your council knew.

HASSAN. That's a truth.  
But, why disguised ?

ANONYMA. To punish you, O King !  
He said you were a bachelor, joking,  
And abusing wedlock : you did not seek,  
But sent your slaves to meet me : then my cheek,  
Red with the insult, was with a mask disguised ;  
And to my maids I told my plan,—apprised  
That Queen Zobeide lent a listening ear :  
Of course she heard all she was there to hear.

HASSAN. Who is your father? lady, did you say  
An Abyssinian King?

ANONYMA. No—in his own pay  
And opinion now a great man. But, Sire!  
Although no King to set the world on fire—  
Yet has he wit, and power, and the will  
To serve you now—for Kings have troubles still.

HASSAN. Well, forgive me, and blame my government :  
I knew not what the deuce it was they meant,—  
Morocco !—Abyssinia !—the Nile !—  
Knowing nothing, empty rascals, all the while.  
Anonyma—there, in the crowd, I see  
Old friends nodding : is it to you or me?

ANONYMA. If 'tis my presence they thus kindly greet,  
One smile for Hassan would my joy complete.

### FINALE AND CHORUS.

*Air—" Eveleen's Bower."*

HASSAN. Oh ! ye ladies, pray beware  
How you trifle with young love :  
Though a god he is above,  
He a devil is below.

CHORUS.

He plays the deuce—as young,  
Old, and middle-aged, have sung ;  
And his coaxing ways—they are  
Quite resistless, as I know.

CHORUS.

ANONYMA.      Though he looks a very child,  
                      He's a poison to the lip—  
                      As all who stoop to sip  
                                  Most generally say.

CHORUS.

When they talk of his blind eye,  
 'Tis a fact that I deny;  
 For he would not be so wild,  
                      If he could not see his way.

CHORUS.

KHOSROUSCHAH. Oh! my friends, of each degree,  
                      Such companions to meet,  
                      Is really quite a treat—  
                                  But I wish that I had din'd.

CHORUS.

For 'tis almost time to sup—  
 Else we keep the servants up;  
 And the most of ye, I see,  
                      For a nightcap are inclin'd.

CHORUS.

ABDALLAH.      So, the Lady, after all,  
                      Is the conqueror to-night:  
                      Any Beauty that's as bright,  
                                  I'd wed—were she in mind.

CHORUS.

Since the devil's not so black  
 As they paint behind his back,—  
 We will let our curtain fall,  
                      And we hope you will be kind.

CHORUS.















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